



GOLD
KEY

BUGS BUNNY

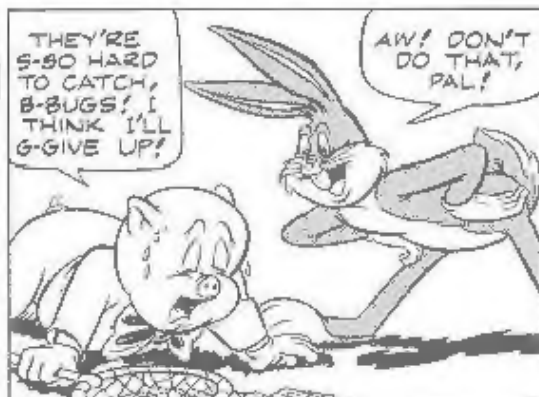
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BUGS BUNNY

in THE GENIE WITH
THE LIGHT GRAY HARE

10070-601
JANUARY

BUGS BUNNY



BUGS BUNNY

and
The GENIE
with the
LIGHT GRAY HARE

EVERY YEAR IT'S THE SAME OLD THING!
MY HOLE CAVES IN AND I'VE GOT TO
DIG A NEW ONE! PHOOIE!

REPRINTED
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DEMAND



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THE HOUSE IS SOLD, AND THEN A FAST FLIGHT TO DISTANT ALLEY WAY, THE GENIE'S HOMELAND...



SHORTLY, AT THE
PALACE OF HASSEN
BEN HOME...

GOLLY! THIS WAS A KEEN IDEA
TO DISGUISE OURSELVES AS
LAMP DEALERS, BUGS!

NATCH! IT SHOULD BE A
CINCH TO GET THE GENIE'S
LAMP THIS WAY!



YOU KNOCKED?

YES! IS
HASSEN
BEN HOME,
HOME?



YES! WALK
THIS WAY!

I CAN'T HELP BUT WALK
THAT WAY WITH THESE
D'WATTED POINTED
SHOES ON!



MASTER! YOU HAVE VISITORS!

WELL, WHAT
DO THEY WANT?



I'M GLAD YOU ASKED THAT, BENNY!
WE ARE THE FIRM OF BUNNY AND
FUDD... LAMP DEALERS!

LAMP
DEALERS?



YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE A
LAMP WITH A GENIE IN IT, DO
YOU?

UH...ER, NO! WHY
DO YOU ASK?



I'VE WANTED A GENIE OF
MY OWN EVER SINCE I WAS
A LITTLE SHAVER! IN FACT
EVEN BEFORE I STARTED
TO SHAVE!

AND YOU NEVER
FOUND ONE, EH?







WIGHT! AND THE FIRST THING I'M
GOING TO WISH FOR IS A NEW HOUSE
BECAUSE I HAD TO SELL MINE TO
FINANCE THE TWIP!

FIND

HEY!

A THOUSAND VOOPIES TO THE MAN
WHO GETS THAT LAMP! THEY MUST
NOT GET AWAY!

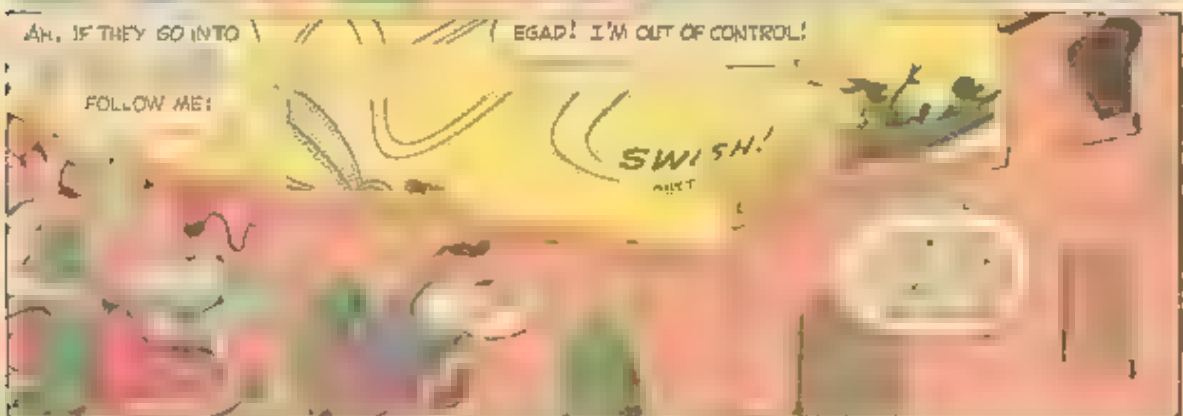
BENNY MUST HAVE FOUND OUT
ABOUT THE GENIE! WE'VE GOT
TO GET OUT OF HERE!

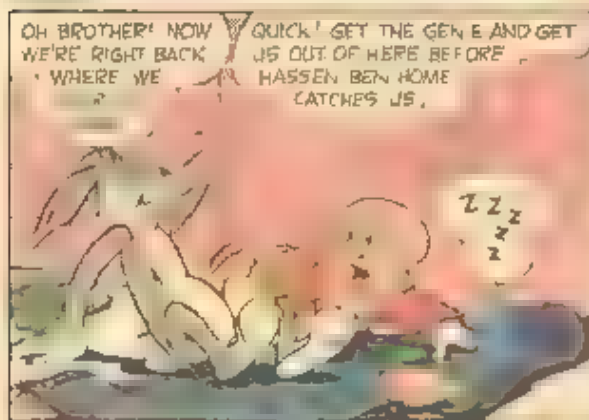
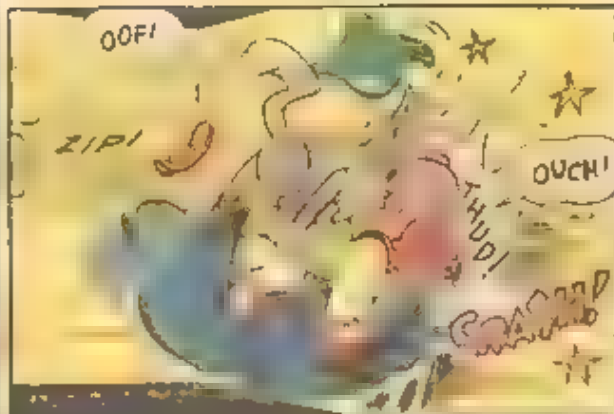
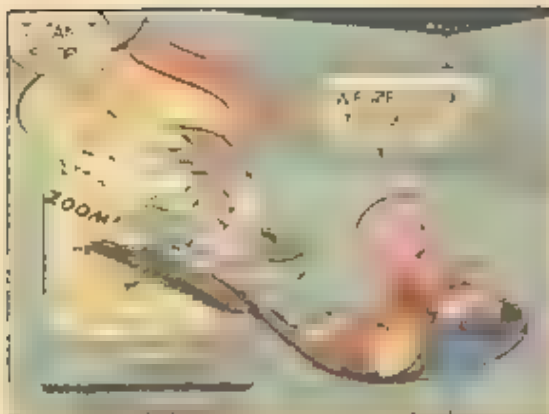
BUT HOW? HE'S GOT
EVERY GUARD IN THE

GIVE ME THE LAMP! WE'LL HAVE
THE GENIE GET US OUT!

BOB





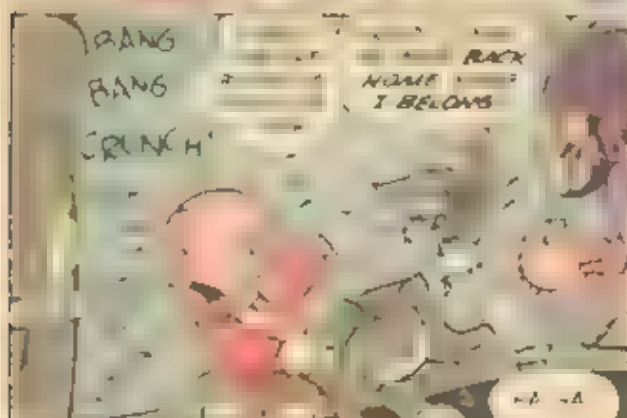




LAST WISH? OF COURSE! NO GENIE EVER GIVES MORE THAN THREE



OMIGOSH! ONLY ONE WELL, GO ON, MAKE YOUR WISH THEN I'M GOING TO DISAPPEAR FOREVER



RANG RANG CRUNCH! NAME: RAY I BELONG

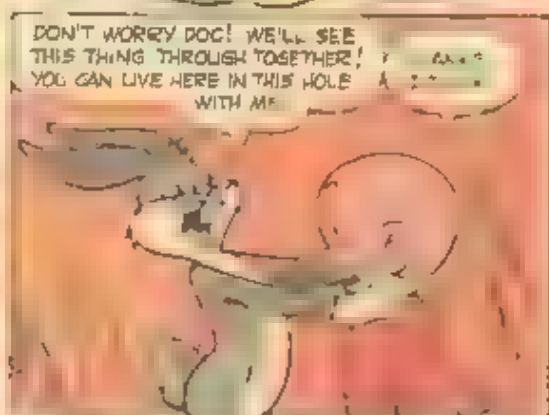


SO BE IT! GENIE, WAIT! WHAT IF- DON'T LISTEN TO

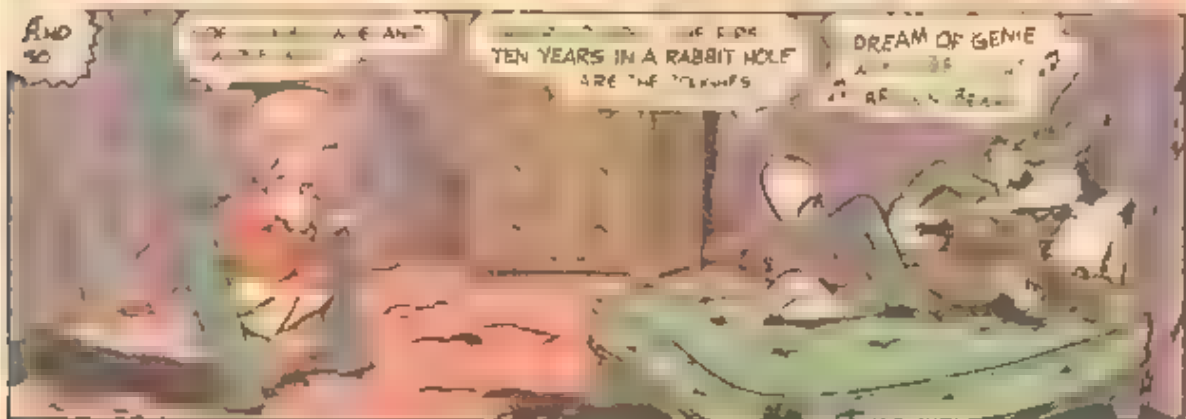
POOF!



WEA... YOU... TEN YEARS IN A RABBIT HOLE ARE THE TERMS



DON'T WORRY DOC! WE'LL SEE THIS THING THROUGH TOGETHER! YOU CAN LIVE HERE IN THIS HOLE WITH ME



AND TEN YEARS IN A RABBIT HOLE ARE THE TERMS DREAM OF GENIE



"Oooh," sighed Tweety, half opening his eyes early one day. "I'm vewy tired this morning. I had tawwble dreams all night. I tawt I taw a puddy tat! He tried to bend the bars and get in my cage—but I pecked him hard!" Then "Oh," Tweety gasped, seeing two bars of his cage were slightly bent. "I did! I did! I did taw a puddy tat. It wasn't a dream at all!"

Just then Granny came into the room yawning and complaining. "I didn't sleep very well last night. I wonder why."

"I know why. The puddy tat tried to get me all night," said Tweety, pointing an accusing finger at Sylvester, the cat who was snoozing in his bed by the fire.

"I did not," denied Sylvester, lumping at the look on Granny's face, as she confronted him. "He was just dreaming!"

"Oh, no, I wasn't!" protested Tweety. "You bent the bars on my cage. And look—here's some of your fur in my cage, from me pecking at you weal hard!"

Granny looked at the cage and then she picked up the fireplace broom.

"You naughty cat!" she scolded, as she swatted at Sylvester with the broom. "Just for that you'll have all the household chores today."

"Oh, no, not that!" groaned Sylvester. "I'm too tired! Besides," he added, "I wasn't trying to catch Tweety! It was very chippy last night... I was just trying to put some extra covering on him!"

"A likely story," scoffed Granny, and she promptly put Sylvester to work.

As Sylvester pushed the carpet sweeper around Tweety's cage, Tweety asked, "Did you weally mean you weren't after me last

night and you weally tired to cover me?"

"Of course, I did," smiled Sylvester. "I'm just a sweet peace-lovin' cat, but nobody believes me. I try to do a good deed, and how do I wind up?"

"How?" asked Tweety innocently.

"Being a choreboy, that's how!" grumbled Sylvester. "And it's all your fault!"

"Aw, I'm sowwy, puddy tat," said Tweety. "I'll help you. I will clean out my cage." And taking his little broom, Tweety swept so hard that dust and spilled seeds flew right into the pussycat's eye!

"Yeow!" screeched the cat. "Why you—get you for that!" and he lunged for Tweety's cage.

At the sound, Granny came running from the kitchen, rolling pin in hand. Bop! the rolling pin landed on the cat's head.

"Now, back to work," Granny commanded.

"Poor puddy tat," said Tweety. "I must cheer him up. I know. I will sing for him."

At that, Tweety burst into song. CRASH! went the mirror Sylvester was cleaning, and down went the cat, buried in glass!

"Doodness!" exclaimed Tweety. "I hit just the right note to bweak the mirror!"

After an endless day of chores and many such chance mishaps, Sylvester fell wearily into his bed that night.

"We'll get some sleep tonight," smiled Granny. "Our choreboy's pretty tired."

"That's right," agreed Tweety. "Tonight he can't do anything to keep us awake."

But Granny and Tweety soon found that they were wrong.

"There's one thing we forgot," sighed a wide-eyed Granny hours later, "our choreboy can still SNORE!"



BUGS
BULLY!

A RUSH ORDER, BUGS! MISSUS KLIPPERDIP
WANTS THESE RIGHT AWAY!



THE SPEEDBALL
EXPRESS. THAT'S
ME!



POW!

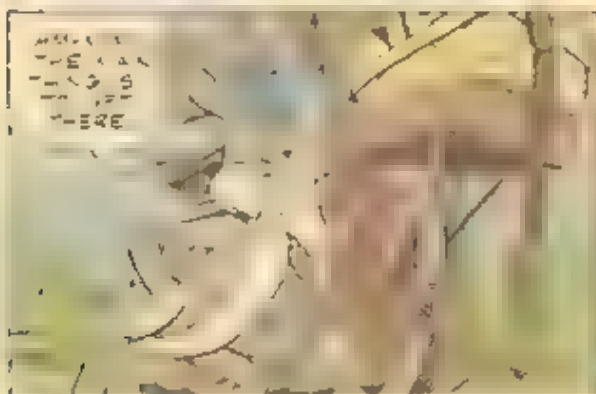
OW!
A BLOWOUT!



OH, WELL!
MAYBE I CAN
JUST RIDE
ON THE FLAT!



OH, WELL!
MAYBE I CAN
JUST RIDE
ON THE FLAT!



OH, WELL!
MAYBE I CAN
JUST RIDE
ON THE FLAT!



ROCKY and BULLWINKLE

CHEERIOS
REALLY MAKE
SWEET MUSIC
TOGETHER,
BULLWINKLE!

Cheerios

CHEERIOS...
US PEOPLE MUSCLE-MAKIN'
PROTEIN.

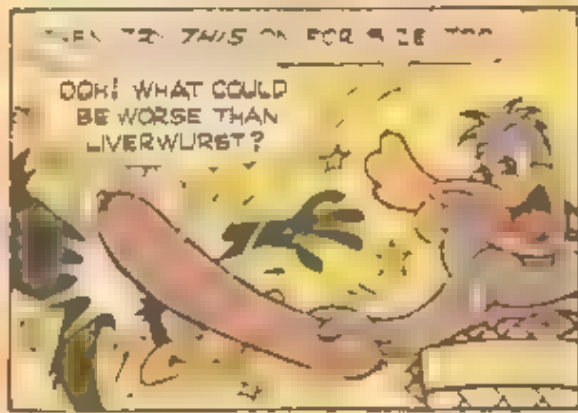
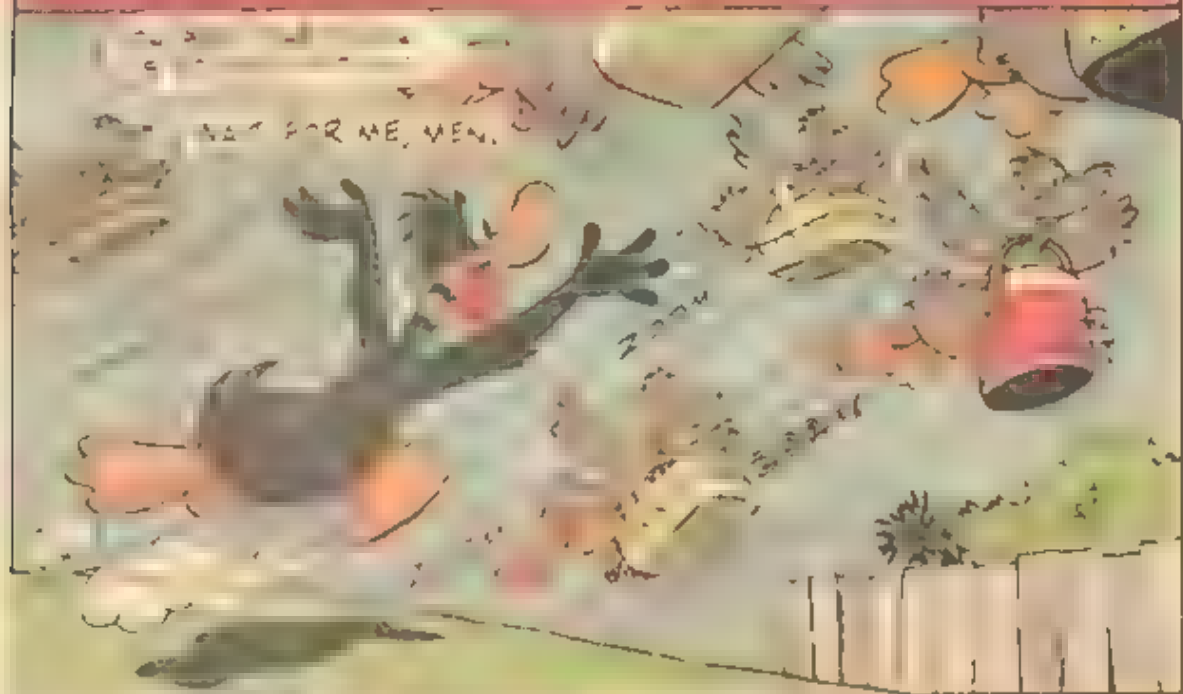
...AND LOTS OF
GO-GO-GO!

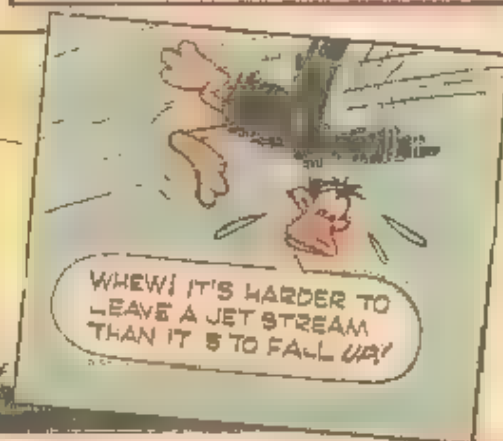
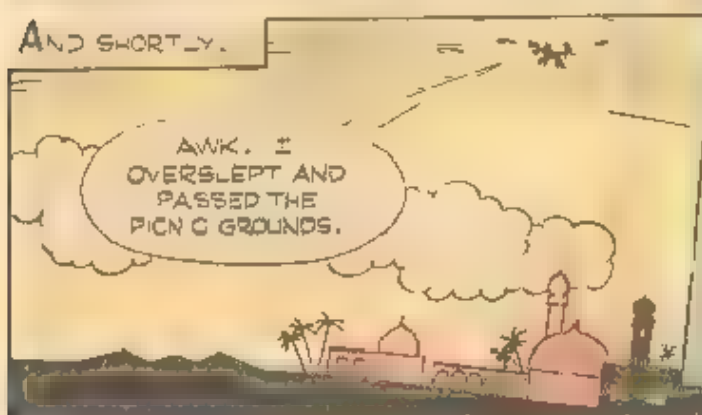
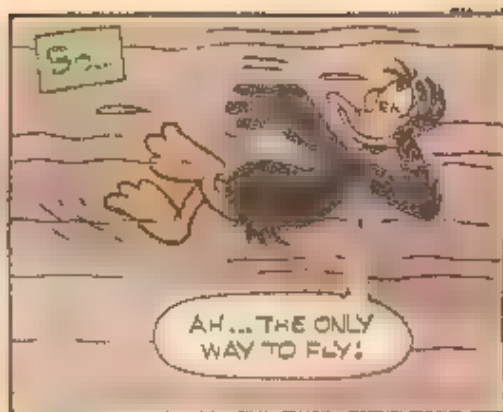
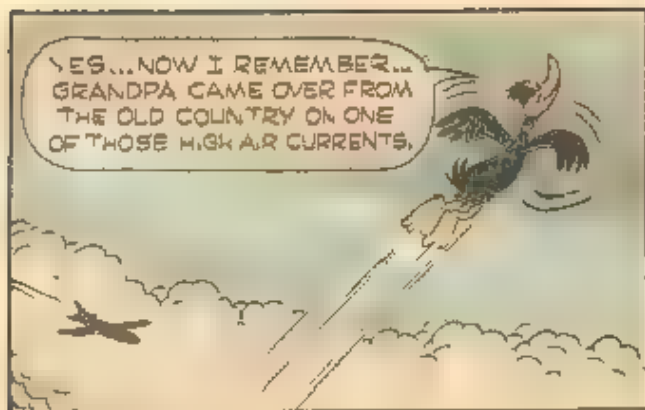
DO YOU MEAN THAT
EVERYONE SHOULD
GO WITH THE GOODNESS
OF **CHEERIOS**?

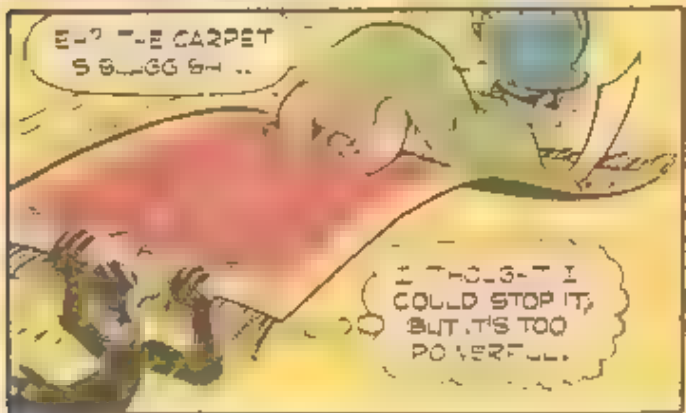
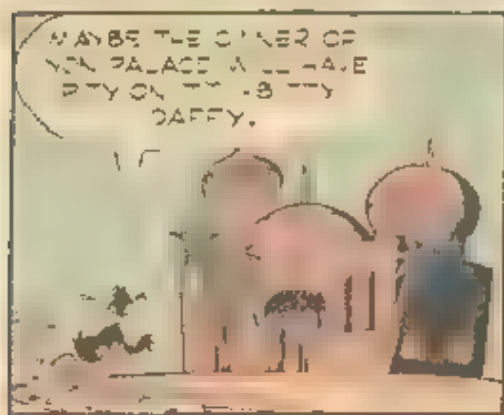
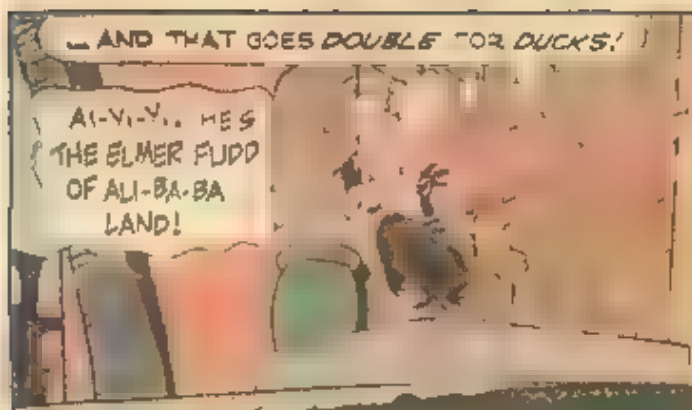
BJT THEY SHOULD
WATCH WHERE
THEY'RE GOING!

SPLOOSH!

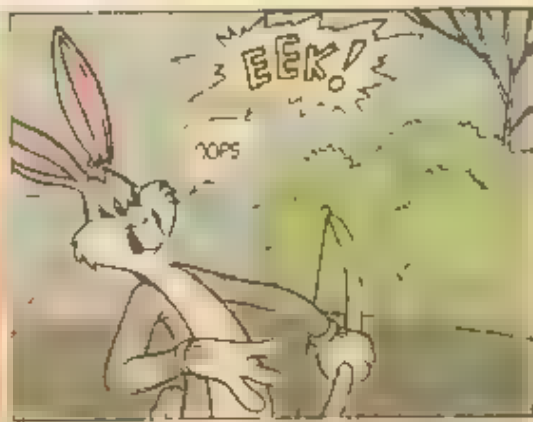
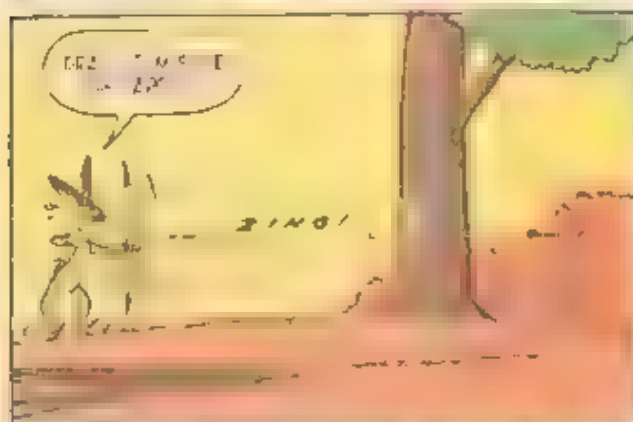
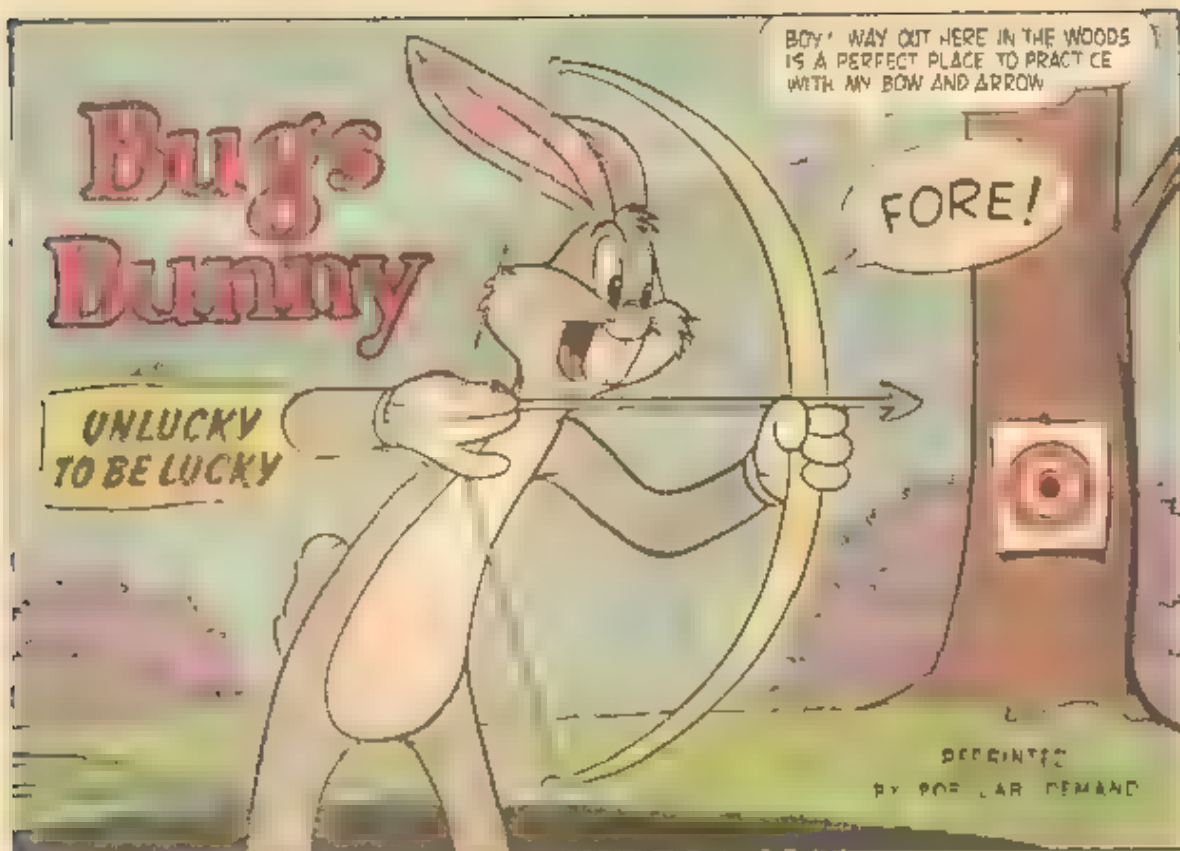
THE FLIGHTY FELLOW

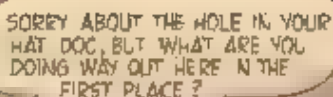




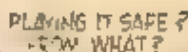




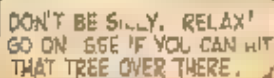




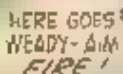
I'M PLAYING
IT SAFE.
THAT'S ABOUT



FWOM TODAY! (GULP!, TODAY
IS FWIDAY THE THIRTEENTH AND
THAT MEANS BAD LUCK ALL DAY.



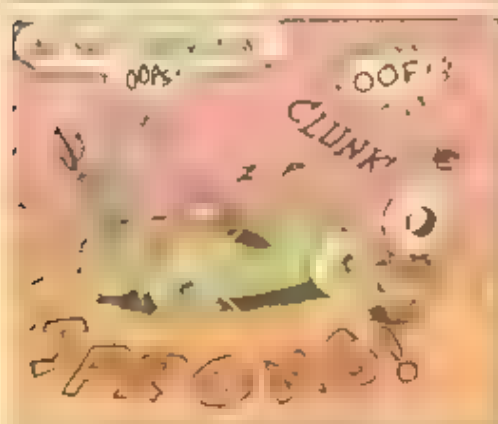
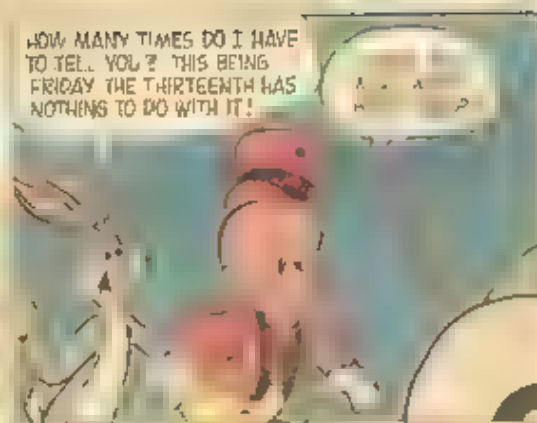
WELL, MAYBE
JUST ONCE!

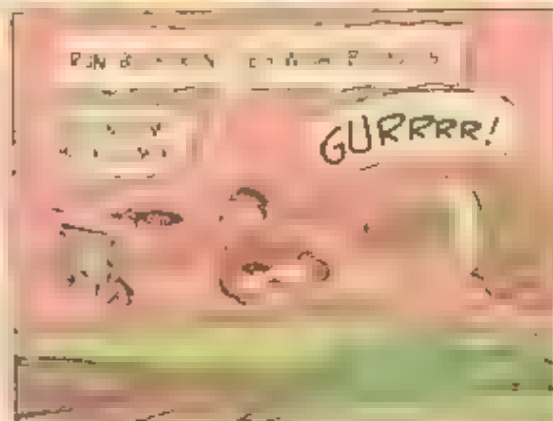
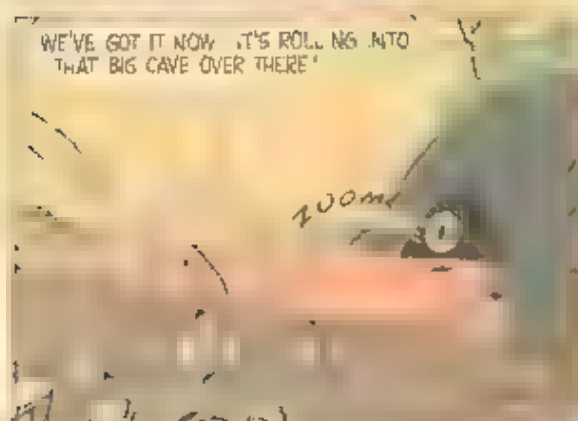


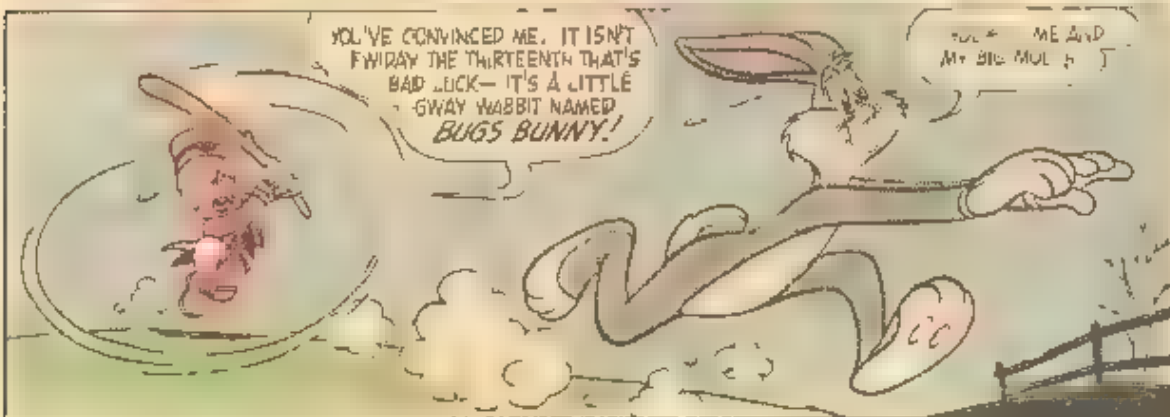
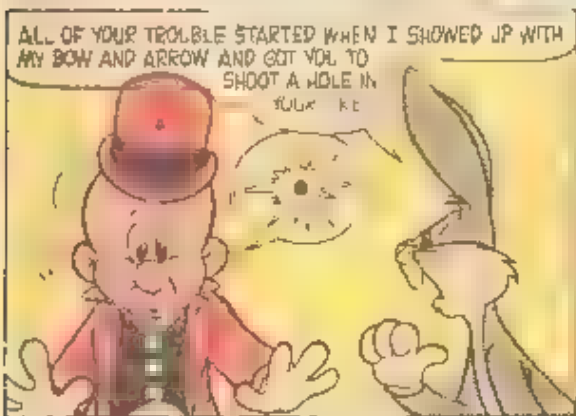
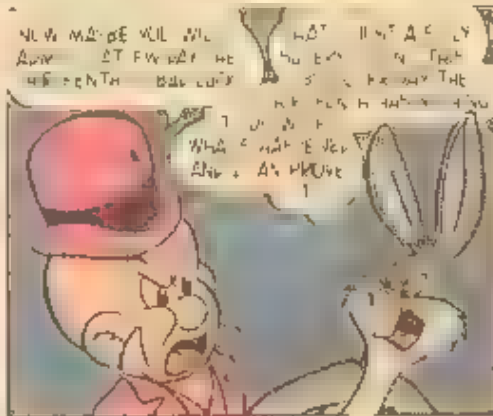
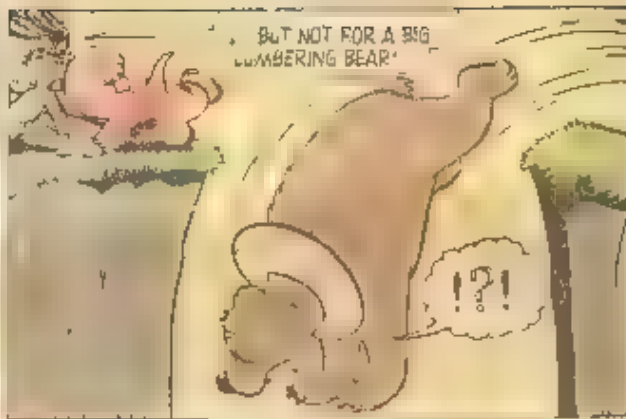
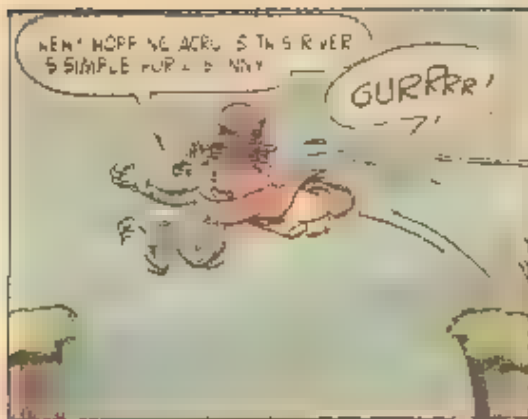
TOO BAD! YOU MISSED.
HEY! WHAT WAS THAT?



YOU HIT SOMETHING
AT 40 C.M.



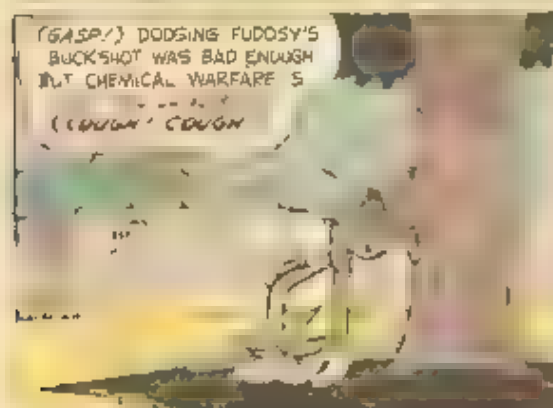




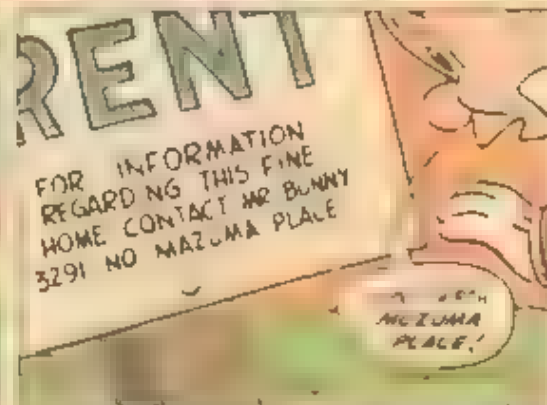
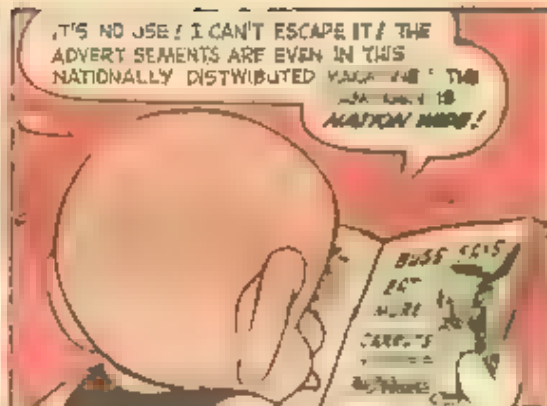
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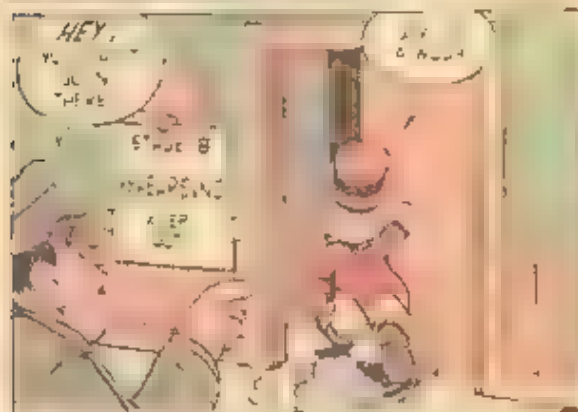
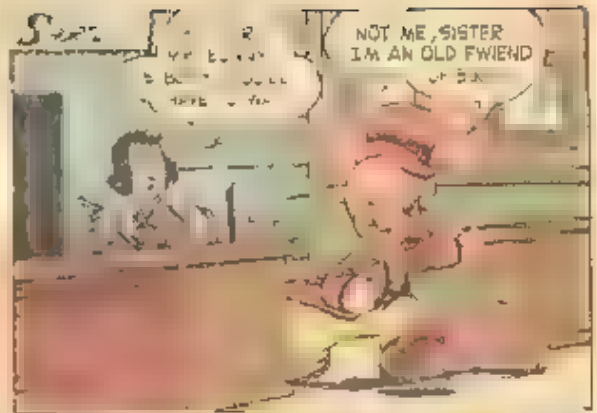
Bugs BUNNY

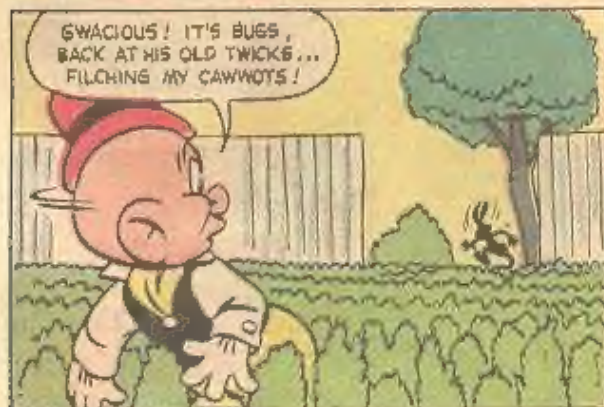
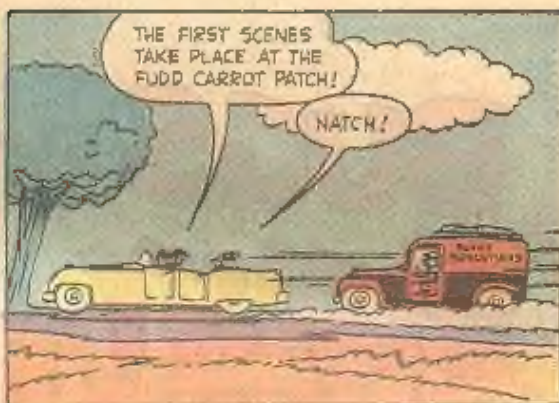
FROM BUGS TO RICHE











BUGS BUNNY





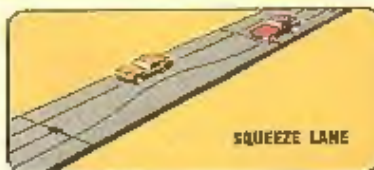
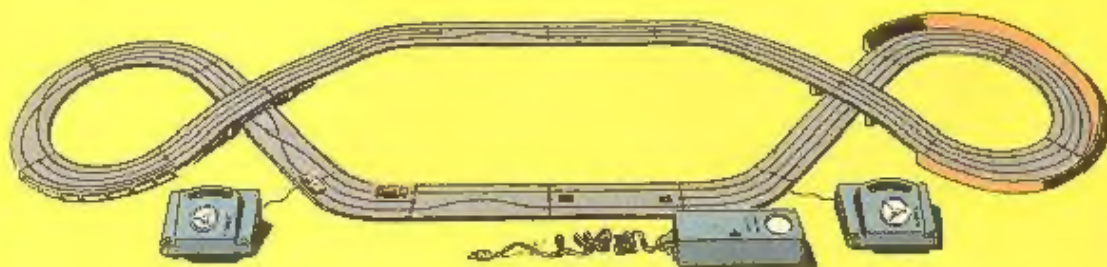
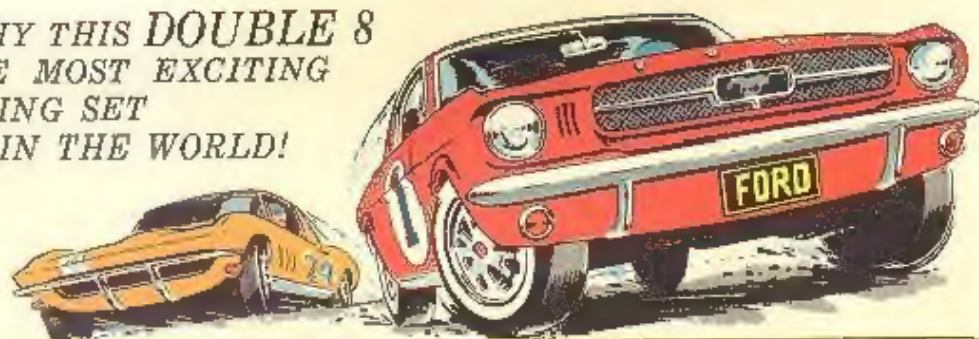
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